Non-verbal Will Graham

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Non-verbal Will Graham

by apollotheking875

Summary

General stress at work and an upcoming autistic meltdown causes Will to go non-verbal

Or

I wanted an excuse to have Hannibal comfort Will

Notes

Read tags for Tws.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will splashed the water running from the tap onto his face, sighing in relief at the coolness running down his brow.

He tousled his hair slightly and stared at his reflection in the smudged mirror. Practising a tight smile and trying to soften his eyes best he could to prevent exhaustion leaking into his expression.

He could feel the familiar tightness in his throat.A stag puncturing his lungs, his jaw felt heavy and sewn tight, he knew if he wasn't quick he'd end up not being able to talk, or worse, forcing himself to talk even when he felt like he couldn't. If he didn't push past this Jack was going to be extremely pissed off.

Will exited the bathroom and walked towards the evidence room, they needed to wrap up a case including a man who had killed several older men out of revenge on his abusive dead father, it should of been open and close but then the mother came forward and now they had to file reports on her interview. Trivial stuff but Will couldn't handle helping today.

"Will, we're nearly done here if you want to go home?" Beverly asked, seemingly noting his appearance, Will nearly collapsed in gratitude. He began to nod his head but Jack cut in,

"No, we need him here."

"He can go."

"No he can't."

Will grimaced at the way they talked about him like he wasn't in the room. Like he was some mutt.

"Will, stay here, we have to finish this, we'll be done in about half an hour." Jack spoke in his no-nonsense voice that Will despised. The voice that reminded him of his father, and every action that came with his name.

Will simply nodded and leant against a wall at the back of the room as the others discussed the case.

“If the body had been found further from the farm house, we’d be able to use it as evidence, but-“

“But they’re scanning the blood under the bodies nails, it will come back as-“

The voices began to melt together and Will tried to hold himself the best he could, his shoulders were already tense and his rotary cuff was beginning to ache from when he’d been stabbed.

He felt his voice become more distant and tried to pretend he was fine.

“Will. What do you think?”

Will desperately tried to catch up on the conversation, scanning first Beverly, who only gave him a pitiful look.

Then Brian who just looked confused at his lack of response.

He then looked at Jimmy, who stared back at him, looking more than a bit frustrated at the delay in his answer.

Will was needed for his quick analysis, nothing else. Without a voice he was useless, god his father was right.

He was useless.

Useless.

Idiot.

Mute.

“Will. If you are just going to mope because I wouldn’t let you leave early then you can go now. I don’t need you acting so childish.”

Will gasped, painfully trying to get air into his lungs despite his throat feeling blocked.

He knew there was no point staying, and if he left he wouldn't be able see the disappointment on Jacks face and then maybe he could pretend it didn't exist.

He turned and left through the door leaving the mixture of worried, surprised and annoyed faces behind.

He allowed Jacks yells to follow him out of the room unacknowledged.

"Hello. This is Doctor Lector speaking, how may I assist you?"

"Hannibal, it's Jack. I need you to find Will and help him to sort himself out. He's acting like an upset child and I can't deal with it. We're trying to solve a crime for Christs sake!" With that Jack hung up, not waiting Hannibal's response.

Hannibal simply sighed, frustrated at Jacks lack of patience, and his lack of sympathy for his young worker.

His worry for quickly Will overcame his annoyance at Jack. He made his way to the door of his office grabbing his coat on his way.

Hannibal pulled up to Will's cabin. The surrounding area was covered in snow due to it being a later season.

He stepped out from his car, patting his suit down to limit any crinkles that had formed in the ride and tugging softly at his jacket.

He walked through the snow, stepped up the wooden stairs and knocked on the door. Despite the knock being gentle Will's dogs began to bark loudly,

He waited, staring intently at the wooden door, hands by his side.

The dogs barking got louder as he heard footsteps approaching the other side of the door. Usually he'd hear Will yelling at the dogs as he waited and not hearing him made Hannibal more worried than before.

The door opened leaving a semi sized gap and Hannibal shuffled into the house knowing to not let the dogs escape.

If Will was opening the door like that he must have seen Hannibal's car through the window.

Hannibal stepped into the foyer and was quickly pounced on by Will's pack. He couldn't fully hide his frown as the fur coated his suit but he had already expected the mess and worn one of his older suits.

Usually Will would be tugging the dogs backwards shushing them and clicking at them. But he just stood there staring slightly blankly at Hannibal, his body limp and devoid of emotion but his eyes full of exhaustion and what seemed to be a deep sadness.

"Will, it is very good to see you, Jack phoned me," Will flinched at then mention of the agents name and Hannibal decided a very stern word would have to be had with him later "he said he was worried about you. And he thought it was best I came to check on you."

Will simply shrugged before turning back to walk further into his home, tapping his thigh to get the dogs to follow.

Behind him Hannibal frowned, unsure of wether or not it would be rude to follow Will, he was clearly upset or possibly ill, maybe his throat was sore?

Did he want Hannibal to come with him? Or did he want space.

Hannibal knew Will sometimes refused to place his own comfort above possibly offending others; but he thought that their communication had bettered enough for Will to make clear what he wanted with him.

Hannibal sighed, making the decision to follow Will and if he seemed uncomfortable he'd leave.

He turned shutting the door and hung his coat up on the wall.

Please let this be the right decision. He couldn't afford to set their relationship back, he didn't want to mess this up.

Hannibal stood in the kitchen with Will. Will hadn't turned to yell at him nor did he seem uncomfortable so Hannibal assumed he hand done anything exceptionally wrong yet.

"Will, would you be able to tell me what is wrong?"

Will didn't respond.

Setting the feeling of offence aside Hannibal tried to ask again, "Will, could you please-" he was interrupted by Will turning around from where he was facing the counter, with clear red rimmed eyes and tears tracing his cheeks.

Hannibal felt a pang of something in his chest and stepped towards Will. The pang only sharpened when Will flinched back slightly, clearly shaken and nervous about what Hannibal was going to do next.

"Will I assure you I mean no harm, I only wish to understand the issue, so I can provide what you need from me."

(*Switching to Will's POV for convenience*)

Will simply shook his head in response, trying to communicate that Hannibal wasn't understanding what was happening.

He tried to force words from his mouth again but failed. And let out a desperate whine of frustration. Part of him was pleased at his ability to make sound but it was masked under a need to speak.

He felt like a child. Or a dog. Unable to speak or communicate in a way that could be understood by the people around him.

Hannibal took another step towards him and Will backed away. He hit the counter and raised a fist to hit against his head.

WHAT THE FUCK WAS WRONG WITH HIM. WHY COULDN'T HE JUST SPEAK.

His dads voice began to fade in and out of his thoughts, taking over his internal monologue.

Useless piece of shit, no good excuse for a son.

He felt his father hands wrap around his arms, pinning them to his sides.

He turned his head to the side waiting for the first blow. He didn't bother struggling, knowing it would make the beating.

Fuck you Will. You screw up everything. The hell is wrong with you? You think your mother would be proud of this? Huh? The voice in his head was practically snarling at him now.

“Listen to me Will.” *You’re nothing*. “You need to breathe.” *You do not deserve to breathe.*

You.

Deserve.

To.

Die.

Will cried out and slumped. Arms caught him and he whimpered again, waiting to be thrown against the wall.

“Listen, breathe with me, you’re okay. I’m sorry Will, I’m sorry.”

His father did not apologise.

“Will, could you open your eyes please, you’ll see, you’re in Wolf-trap, Virgina.”

How did his dad get here?

“My name is Hannibal Lecter, yours is Will Graham.”

“Han-I-Bal” Will’s mouth shaped over each syllable, his voice slurred as the last of his energy drained.

“Yes Will, that’s me, Hannibal. Good, good lad Will.”

Will nodded against Hannibal's chest, his head still turned to the side. He felt the arms gripped tightly around him.

"Open your eyes Will. Come on, that's good."

He tried to work his eyes open, and sure the Hannibal's stark white shirt sleeve.

Then he realised the position he was in, being hugged by his Psychiatrist.

His cheeks flushed red and he squirmed slightly.

"It's alright Will." Hannibal mistook his movement for more fear.

He shook his head and awkwardly manoeuvred his arms so he could pat Hannibal on the back. Feeling even more embarrassed.

Hannibal seemed to get the hint and loosened his grip before letting go of him, Will quickly stepped back shuffling awkwardly as he felt Hannibal eyes studying him ensuring he wasn't going to return to his harmful stims.

"Are you feeling better?" Will nodded, unsure of how much time had passed and still feeling extremely red as the entire situation punched him in the gut.

"I assure you there's no need to feel embarrassed." Guess he was that red, "I'm more worried about your well-being Will. Would you be able to explain to me what happened?"

Will stood still, he still didn't have the energy to speak, but his through was less blocked, he relished in what little relief he had found.

“Would you be able to explain later maybe?”

Yes, yes that works. Will nodded in response.

“Alright. Would you like to rest then? I could make you some food if you’d like?” Hannibal’s eyes scanned the kitchen quickly and he grimaced. “Or I could order something, you seem to be lacking slightly in the ingredient department.”

Will shook his head, having his psychiatrist order him food after holding him while he had a meltdown really would be the push that made him change his name and run to an entirely different country.

Hannibal would likely find him even if he did.

“Okay. Well, I’m unsure if leaving you alone right now would be wise. So would you be okay with me staying? I could call someone else if you’d rather?”

Will simply shrugged, feeling the last of his energy leave him, and walked towards the couch in his living room.

He looked around, *where had his dogs gone?* He began to panic slightly turning back to the kitchen and scanning the area.

“Your dogs are in the garden.” Hannibal confirmed “I thought it best to get them away from the situation.”

Will nodded sheepishly for what felt like the hundredth time and walked back to the couch.

He lay down a bit uncomfortably due to the size of him compared to the couch and curled up.

Part of his mind screamed danger at the thought of leaving Hannibal unattended in his house, however exhaustion screamed back louder.

His eyes drifted closed. And he pretended not to notice when a blanket was wrapped around him gently, he pretended even harder that part of him did not find it comforting and even slightly relaxing.

His mind fell closer to unconsciousness, the last of his anxiety fading and he succumb to sleep.

End Notes

I posted some other Will Graham angst fanfics on my old account so I'm going to try and find that and copy and past the work to this account to republish it.

Thanks for reading!

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